

The Bloomfield Record.

S. MORRIS HOLIN, Proprietor. Established 1873.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 14, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SHARP FINANCIERING.

How the Sub-Treasury is Legally Robbed of its Gold.

(From the New York World of February 11th.)

Gold to the amount of \$2,381,000 was withdrawn yesterday from the Sub-Treasury in this city, presumably to be used again in making payments for bonds. This leaves the true amount of the gold reserve \$42,000,000.

On the other hand there was such an inflow of gold that at 3 P. M. while the Sub-Treasury was yet technically open for business, the officials refused a proffer of coin to be paid on bond account simply because the clerks had become so confused by the influx of gold that they threw up their hands in despair and begged a breathing spell.

Early in the day Assistant Treasurer Jordan had a lively tilt in the corridor with the head of a bullion house and practically ordered him from the Treasury building. The bullion man was Leopold Zimmermann, who has been a heavy bidder for gold or greenbacks and has stood ready to furnish gold to bondholders who were not particular as to the source of their coin supply.

For two weeks past not a day has elapsed without visits by Mr. Zimmermann to the Sub-Treasury with greenbacks for the withdrawal of coin. He was strictly within the law, but had earned the dislike of the Treasury officials for his methods. Yesterday he took over several hundred thousand dollars in paper and demanded gold. It was piled on a low truck and wheeled out to him in the corridor. Instead of taking it away he assembled about him several buyers' clerks and began to parcel out the stuff. These buyers had received assignments of bonds and bought the gold from Zimmermann, who, instead of taking the gold to his office and then sharing it out, was making use of the Sub-Treasury as a branch office.

The clerks doing business with Mr. Zimmermann were anxious to get the gold from him and at once turn it in to the Sub-Treasury on bond account, in order to secure the saving of interest to those who pay promptly for the bonds. They were scrambling for the gold and taking it to the receiving windows, when Conrad N. Jordan came from his office and ordered that the whole transaction cease. He directed Mr. Zimmermann to take his purchase away at once. There was a sharp answer and a sharp retort, but Mr. Jordan was decided, and the money-changers were driven from the official temple.

Mr. Zimmermann said afterwards: "I went to the Sub-Treasury to-day and put in greenbacks and withdrew \$500,000 in gold on them. In two cases—Whitehouse & Co., \$35,000, and Mr. Fairchild, of the Kings County Trust Company of Brooklyn, \$250,000, for whom I delivered the gold, no objection was made, and it was again deposited. Mr. Jordan objected to receiving the gold—about \$300,000—which I wished to deliver to H. P. Goldschmidt & Co., Hussack Bros. & Herzog, and Hoffman Bros. It is all a ridiculous thing. He wanted the gold taken around the corner and an extra charge to be paid for cartage, and the gold then brought back and delivered into another window."

Assistant Treasurer Jordan said: "I simply objected to the use of the Government property as a branch office of a bullion dealer. For weeks past Zimmermann has come down every day and taken gold for paper. He has a right to do so if he wishes. I would not and could not object to any one coming here with greenbacks getting gold and paying for the bonds with them. But this was different. This man is a peddler of gold. He gets a commission. He was not buying bonds. He was selling gold and using a public building for that purpose. I objected and will always do so."

During the day the Sub-Treasury officials credited up \$3,750,000 to bond account, with several millions more left uncounted because of the rush.

(Special to The World.) BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 10.—Old heads in the banking business here are astonished at the successful plunge made by Abraham White for a share of the new issue of bonds. Up to a week ago White was an unassuming clerk on a modest salary with not a dollar in the world. His wife had some real estate in her name out in Reading, and he negotiated a mortgage on it in enough to secure the option on a little gold.

With this White made a bid for some of the issue, and has secured \$1,000,000 in his own name, at 111.53, while to his wife was awarded \$500,000 at the same figure. He had everything to gain and nothing to lose, even had he been awarded the full \$5,000,000, the aggregate of his bids. By a bold stroke he has made himself the envy of hundreds of men who are out in the cold.

White has already netted \$10,940 profit by selling \$200,000 at 117, and he is holding off for \$100,000 bonus on his bargain, having refused \$10,000 less than that. He says that he expects to realize \$150,000 on his foresight, as he has no doubt that the bonds will run up to 130 or more.

(As a fitting comment on this high and patriotic source on this whole wretched business of selling bonds, read the following by B. O. Flower, editor of The Arena for February):

Personally I do not believe in the issuance of bonds. I believe that the administration in resorting to an extreme war measure in a time of pronounced peace, in a nation that is producing vast stores of everything that goes to make true wealth, commits a crime of measureless proportions; but the above quotations from gold organs are exceedingly interesting and significant, and I believe that if the Morgan syndicate gets the bonds, it will do more to arouse the thinking people of America than anything that has occurred since the firing on Fort Sumter. The whiskey ring scandal cast a deep shadow over President Grant's administration, but it paled into insignificance before the last secret bond deal. No amount of explanation on the part of subsidized dailies will be able to satisfy the people if the syndicate succeeds in its plot to further plunder the taxpayers and wealth-producers of America.

Let it be remembered at this moment that when the war broke out our treasury was empty; gold had fled from our shores or found lodgment in the vaults of the usurers. We were apparently powerless to wage a successful warfare, but the issuance of the greenback not only carried the country over the most expensive civil war of modern times, but until long after the process of retiring the greenbacks had been commenced and until silver had been surreptitiously demonetized, the prosperity of the wealth-producers of our country was unimpaired in history. Ever since the demonetization of silver and the retiring of the greenbacks has been brought about there has been a great decrease in the value of agrarian production or the staples of life, and consequently, while a few have greatly fattened on usury, speculation, the control of natural monopolies or through special privileges, the great mass of our population have been one by one pushed nearer and nearer to the wall.

An exception to the action of the New York City bankers is to be noted in the patriotic action of the Mercantile National Bank, of which Mr. William P. St. John is president. On the 8th of January the World published the following, which was interesting to our readers as it has a true patriotic ring:

The Mercantile National Bank gave the United States Sub-Treasury \$500,000 in gold yesterday and took greenbacks in exchange. "The newspapers say that the government needs gold," said President St. John. "This bank held \$1,500,000 in gold. The government is welcome to it. Therefore we gave a part today. We have done the same thing in the past and said nothing about it. Neither do we wish now to assume any prominent part by reason of the transaction. Our only desire was to do our part towards allaying any unrest or distrust that may be felt."

"We gave the treasury the gold and were willing to take any kind of money in return. We received greenbacks. It would have made no difference if we had received silver certificates or silver coin. When the notes of this government are not just as good as gold this bank will go out of business."

The bankers, however, at the time of this writing are asserting that the people haven't the gold, and that the syndicate will ultimately come in for their plunder. This may be the case, but if so it should prove a revelation to every thoughtful voter: (1) Showing how the gold has been cornered by Wall Street and the usurer class; (2) Showing how terrible a burden of taxation is being forced upon the wealth-producers by the Bank of England and Wall Street financial policy which has been forced upon the nation by the two old parties during the past twenty years. Remember Silver or Demonetize Gold!

The whole bond issue, from A to Z, is an infamous outrage and crime perpetrated upon America's wealth-

producers, no matter in what light we view it. The World's popular subscription, while it will doubtless save the people millions of dollars, is merely the lesser of two evils arising from the government's surrendering the interest of the wealth producers or the industrial masses, who are in fact the bone and sinew of the government, to the policy of the Bank of England, Wall Street and the usurers, whereby the acquirers of wealth are enabled to reduce to practical vantage the wealth-producers. On this point I earnestly urge all readers of the "ARENA" to carefully peruse Dr. John Clark Ridpath's papers on "The Bond and the Dollar" which appear in the January, February and March "ARENAS." Dr. Ridpath is the most popular historian in America to-day, and is therefore peculiarly well fitted to discuss this subject. He not only speaks with authority, but treats this subject so lucidly that it will alarm and dismay the public plunderers who have thrived by throwing dust into the people's eyes at the terrible expense of the real wealth-producers of the Republic.

A Tribute to Lincoln.

Prof. John Clark Ridpath says that Abraham Lincoln "could not think any man of his age and country." The man never lived! who could, he says, "throw him on equal ground with the angels." The strongest antagonist was broken, whirled with his feet to the planets and fast prone. Horace Greeley was no weakling. When he was enraged, the power of the gods was on him. In the high noon of the war he attacked the president and demanded to know his meaning. Would he or would he not abolish slavery? Was he or was he not a friend to freedom? Had the loyal people hoped in vain? Would the administration never do anything? What was the war waged for anyhow? Did the president himself know or did he not know his own meaning? Would he plainly tell the nation what were his purposes and aims? And this is Lincoln's reply:

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. If I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I believe it helps to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing will do more harm than good."

"Since the death of Thucydides there has not, I believe, been written another such paragraph as that! Talleyrand and Burke and Webster all sitting together could not have composed it! It is tougher than wrought steel. The precision of it is equal to the strength, and the cogency to the dispassion. It is well nigh the unapproachable model of all that was ever done in human argument. No platitude of bayonet ever went so level across the field against the enemy. It is a counterbalance that goes over the redoubt without breaking a step. After that was said there was silence in the casiers' camp for times and a half. And the secret of it is simply the strength and clearness of the thought. The homely phrase is only the necessary garb of the immortal thinking."

Choral Festival at Christ Church. The last of the series of Choral Festival services in Christ Church before Lent will be held next Sunday evening, Feb. 16th, and promises to be of more than usual interest.

The authors are by the well known composer, Sir John Stainer. The Rev. Dr. George M. Christian, Rector of Grace Church, Newark, will deliver an address. Dr. Christian is well known as one of the most eloquent speakers in this Diocese. The order of service will be as follows: Processional Hymn; Lord's Prayer and Versicles; Psalm; 6th Selection of Psalms; Cantata; Magnificat; Cantic in G; Nunc Dimittis; Cantic in D; Creed and Versicles; Cantic; Anthem; "Lead Kindly Light," Stainer; "And All the People Saw," Stainer; Anthem; Rev. George M. Christian, D.D.; Offertory Anthem, "O Clap Your Hands," Stainer; Hymn; Benediction; and Communion.

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IN THE HEATER PIPE.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR RELATES HIS MOST SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.

He Had an Elegant Lay Out of Wedding Presents at His Home When He Made an Unfortunate Step—In the End He Made a Contribution to the Collected.

"In a house that I was looking over in a town up the state one night," said the retired burglar, "I came across something that I never struck but that once in all my experience, strange as it may seem, and that was a lot of wedding presents. All just as they were arranged for display. When I turned my lamp into the room, I wished I had brought a horse and wagon; there was a good deal of it that wouldn't have been of any earthly use to me, but it seemed a pity to leave any of it behind. But if I couldn't carry it all off, I could have the lot of picking, and I started to look for things over. They were arranged on tables and chairs and on the floor around on three sides of the room; on the side opposite to the side that I had come in at, and on the side to the right and left; running around those three sides in a sort of irregular order. On the side where I was there were a few chairs, and I thought I'd start in on the left and work around to the right, and I started from the door and had gone about three steps when I went down through the floor, as it seemed to me, but what I had really done was to step down through an open register. I suppose somebody must have dropped something down through it, and I went to it to get it out and forgot to put it back.

"There was a wire screen under the register over the pipe opening to keep things from dropping down the pipe, but it was very fine light wire, and it didn't stop me at all; I just slid down into the pipe, pushing that along under me. When I dropped into the pipe, I had been facing to the left; in some way I went down I got skewed around so that when I got down as far as I did I was facing to the front; that is, toward the center of the room. The pipe didn't go straight down, but with a curve. I had thrown up my hands as I fell, and I was going to take my pick of a roomful; now where was I?

"I had started across the room carrying my toolbag in one hand and my lamp in the other. The shock when I went down had shaken the bag out of my hand, but I had held on to my lamp, though it was lying on its side now with my fingers clutching through the wire screen. The shock when I went down had shaken the bag out of my hand, but I had held on to my lamp, though it was lying on its side now with my fingers clutching through the wire screen. The shock when I went down had shaken the bag out of my hand, but I had held on to my lamp, though it was lying on its side now with my fingers clutching through the wire screen.

"As I lay in the pipe my head was below the level of the floor, by a great effort I could raise myself so that the upper half of my head was above the opening, but no higher; there was no room for play; when I got that high, I made up my mind that I wouldn't try to stand it any longer; I'd got to come out some time, and I might just as well come out then; in fact, better, for while the chances of my getting away at all were mighty small, they would be better at night than they would be in the daytime.

"So I made up my mind to kick on the pipe and make up my mind to come out. I had the thing settled. So I kicked once, twice, and then I kicked again; by and by I kicked the pipe open at my feet. There was a joint there, and I'd kicked it apart, and the sections I was in sagged down with my weight, and I slid out on the cellar floor. The sagging down of that part of the pipe detached it from the part above and it fell on the cellar floor alongside of me. That made noise enough to wake everybody up; there couldn't be any doubts about that.

"I went out by the same cellar window that I came in by. It was the first time I had ever been out of the house, and only such lot of stuff that I ever struck, and I never got a thing out of it; in fact, I added something to my self—a set of tools and a dark lantern."

—New York Sun.

"The Pyramid Limp," as it has come to be called, is the state of the body which falls upon one for two or three days after making the ascent of the pyramids. One is so much pulled and pushed at the time that little or no consciousness is left. There is no sign of recovery, no joint or muscle until after one has slept, and then the trouble begins to break; the second day of that man or woman is very much worse; the third day is reached at the end of the second or beginning of the third day, and from that time the patient begins slowly to recover.—Cairo Correspondent.

A styles with split point, apparently for the purpose of writing with fluid pen, has been found in an Egyptian tomb.

WIND AND SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade; he laughs wherever he goes; his merriment shines in the dimpling lines that wrinkle his blue eyes; he says himself down at the foot of the sun, and shakes all over with glee, and the broad, bearded waves fall faint on the shore.

In the mirth of the mighty sea! For the wind is mad and restless, and struts with an inward pain; he may back at will, by valley or hill, but you hear him still complain. He waits on the barren mountains and strikes on the wintry sea; he robs the cedar and mosses in the pine and shoulders all over the aspen tree. Welcome are both their voices, the laughter that slips from ocean's lips and the comforting wind's murmur. There's a pang in all rejoicing, a joy in the heart of pain. And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens, are singing the same strain.

—Edward Taylor.

WHO CINDERELLA REALLY WAS.

Her Story is Very Ancient and Appears in Several Old Books.

The story of Cinderella is substantially the same as that of Rhodope and Panamitiches by Elian, who lived in Rome in the third century of the Christian era. The story, as told by Elian, is that while Rhodope was bathing, an eagle carried away one of her sandals and dropped it near the feet of Panamitiches, king of Egypt, who, like Cinderella's prince, was struck by its distinctive size, caused the maiden to be sought for, and married her when found. Make the sandal a glass slipper and add the ugly sisters and the contrast, and the stories are much the same. The glass slipper, by the way, is an acknowledged fiction, being in reality a misstatement of "pandocle on wire" (a fur slipper), and not "top verse."

This, at all events, is what is claimed by Perrault in his "Contes de Fées." But these stories have doubtless a common origin, but it is necessary to go further back in the history of the literature to find it—to a people who lived in a period compared with which that of even Elian is quite modern. It is in the Vedas, the four sacred books of the Hindus, that the origin is to be found.

There is a girl on the North Side who dresses pink cheeks, but she will be careful after this where she gets them. On a recent afternoon one of the carriages was being jugged over the holes in the pavement of Rush street. At Huron street the wagon was stopped, and a young woman stepped in and took a seat near the center of the car. She knew several of the women, and returned their bows. She was a pretty girl, fashionably gowned, and was on her way to a public rehearsal. After sitting quietly for a few minutes, she, in an apparently unconscious manner, put her hand to her cheek and gave it a slight pinch. On her hands were black gloves. The day was damp and the slightest trace possible of color was left on her cheeks. Then she pinched the other one. A black spot showed. This she continued until Adams street was reached, and then she gave up. When she reached the Auditorium, her cheeks were a good color, but not what she expected.—Chicago Chronicle.

She Wanted Pink Cheeks.

There is a girl on the North Side who dresses pink cheeks, but she will be careful after this where she gets them. On a recent afternoon one of the carriages was being jugged over the holes in the pavement of Rush street. At Huron street the wagon was stopped, and a young woman stepped in and took a seat near the center of the car. She knew several of the women, and returned their bows. She was a pretty girl, fashionably gowned, and was on her way to a public rehearsal. After sitting quietly for a few minutes, she, in an apparently unconscious manner, put her hand to her cheek and gave it a slight pinch. On her hands were black gloves. The day was damp and the slightest trace possible of color was left on her cheeks. Then she pinched the other one. A black spot showed. This she continued until Adams street was reached, and then she gave up. When she reached the Auditorium, her cheeks were a good color, but not what she expected.—Chicago Chronicle.

Sang in the Choir Her Eighty Years.

In the last 12 years of Mr. Starman's ministry at Waldborough's famous old German Lutheran church no salary was paid him, the congregation being too poor. Old Conrad Hyer, who, although 101 years old, was as brisk as a man of 50, and had acted as chorister in this ancient church for 80 years, reading and singing from the fine print of Watts' hymnbook without the use of spectacles. Nothing remains on earth to mark the solemn of these men but the dilapidated ruins of the building and the tall marble column in the cemetery which tells the passing traveler that there lie the remains of the sainted Rits and Starman, pastors of the German Lutheran church of Broad Bay.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Heard to Get At.

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," he remarked. "Yes," replied the man of mournful experience, "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win."—Washington Star.

The Other View of It.

"Cesar had his Brutus!" exclaimed the young orator, and as he paused to note the effect of his words a voice from the gallery replied: "Well, boss, yes, but Brutus had Caesar."—Washington Times.

The Irish mail boats receive \$455,000 a year subsidy. This is only \$20,000 more than the subsidy for all the North American mails from Queenstown to New York.

In the war of the revolution Massachusetts furnished more troops to the army than any other state.

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